

U. S. WILL HAVE PLENTY OF PLANES BUT WAR WON'T BE WON IN THE AIR

IT'S hard to keep the right sense of proportion. A man considers his own job the most important. Perhaps he considers himself the indispensable part of the whole. The woman considers her home the one essential; her husband's business secondary. He holds it vice versa.

So also with the war. Each arm of service considers itself the prime essential.

This is commendable in so far as it places upon each branch of the service a responsibility to do its utmost in winning the war. Outside of the service, there are "plans" for some particular arm. For instance, there are thousands of people and many personages of much influence, who believe airplanes will win the war; that the way to break down Germany is to drop thousands of tons of high explosives in German cities. They say 25,000 airplanes should swarm over Germany and virtually blow the German nation off the earth.

Because this has not been done, it is too much for critics of the government to say that the American aerial program is a failure. What no one seemed to count upon was the vast amount of preparatory work necessary before manufacture of airplanes in quantity could begin. We made the mistake, as it now appears, of trying to improve on the airplane types used by our allies. A great deal of time and money has been expended in the way of experimentation of one kind or another.

The airplane situation today is the same as the shipping situation was eight months ago. The enemy was vastly comforted once concerning the alleged breakdown in our shipping program. The tremendous speeding up in shipbuilding is causing him huge discomfort now.

It will be the same with the airplanes. Let the enemy take what joy he can in the fact that our great bombing squadrons have not yet swarmed over his country. They will come unless he surrenders sooner. If most of the \$640,000,000 has been spent with few airplanes yet delivered in France, the fact remains that an airplane program of large proportions will be carried to completion as soon as possible. It may take a billion dollars to do it, but it will be done. The officers and men of the air corps are ready; the planes will come.

But the thought of crushing Germany under a weight of aerial bombs might as well be dismissed as a fantastic dream. It is not possible for the United States or any other nation to send out 20,000 planes in bombing squadrons at any one time. None of the belligerents has been able to make available more than 2500 planes for all kinds of aerial service one time. Demands on men are too great. For every flyer there must be a squad or a company on the ground. For every plane in the air there must be several more in reserve. There is not enough ground space back of the lines in France available to meet the needs of a 20,000-bombing program.

If it were possible to send over such a vast armada of bombers, Germany might be crippled to the point of seeking a speedy ending of the war. Demands on men are too great. For every flyer there must be a squad or a company on the ground. For every plane in the air there must be several more in reserve. There is not enough ground space back of the lines in France available to meet the needs of a 20,000-bombing program.

Remember what the effect upon London and Paris has been when they have been bombed almost every month for months on end! A few persons have been killed and many houses destroyed—and the millions remaining uninjured have been more bitter, more bitter, more filled with fighting spirit than before the raid came.

It is the same with Germany. German residents of bombed towns fear the aerial visitations but those who are not mangled are only embittered. Only by an awful devastation of the whole country could the enemy morale be shattered. Such a devastation does not now seem in the realm of possibility.

Keep on with the air raids. Let the bombs rain down on German towns as long as Germany cares to set the pace.

Anent Getting Troops

EL PASOANS should make up their minds to quit trying to get a cantonment for this city and get to work after factories—something that will be permanent and will contribute to the prosperity of the city after the war as well as during the war. Cantonment prosperity, while good while it lasts, will only last during the war and then there is going to be such a slump as will make many communities look and feel like graveyards for years to come. Many will never recover.

If we want troops, we must fight for them and fight continuously, as other cities have fought. It cannot be said that the war department has located cantonments and camps purely for political reasons, but, where there were numerous cities applying for these camps, all other things being equal, the place with the most political influence got the plum. It might be possible, but it is hardly probable, that El Paso would be able to get a big cantonment, if it suggested, it should send a man to Washington and keep him there regularly to watch for the plans—Senators should be an influential politician. The congressmen and senators with influence have been the men who have secured the camps.

We have tried and have failed. Now we should go to work for something that will mean permanent prosperity.

Committees which have been sent to Washington have found themselves unable to accomplish anything. One committee was rebuffed because the war department officials said El Paso needed a moral cleanup. The cleanup was undertaken and carried through with results, satisfactory both to the city and to the war department's Fostick commission which had supervision of moral conditions surrounding troops in training. Another committee went to Washington, after the suggestions of the war department relative to a cleanup had been complied with, in the hope of securing an artillery training camp for El Paso but this second committee found all arrangements had been made for locating the artillery units and there was nothing to do but return home. The committee had gone after the right thing in the right way but at the wrong time.

El Pasoans who have gone to Washington to interview the war department have found what everybody else finds, that it is very difficult to get a hearing. Officials of the department are extremely busy with a thousand details and they have no time to think of El Paso or any other place where there is not a cantonment or a large camp making daily demands on their attention. Therefore it is not enough merely to lay before the department once the advantages of El Paso and trust to the memory of officials to keep the facts in mind at the proper time.

Moreover, it is merely saying what everyone knows to be a fact that there are influences in the department not too friendly toward El Paso; men of high rank who would have no regrets if not another soldier were ever sent here. To counteract this influence and to keep impressing on high officials the advisability of training troops here—most especially to be on the spot at the right time—it is necessary to have an influential, energetic agent in Washington all the time. That is what other cantonment cities have done.

You Can't Save Him

By Harry Murphy



Things That Move Men's Minds When They Go Out Into The World Of War

By K. C. B.

A Letter From France.

IT WAS Sunday afternoon.

SOMEWHERE IN France.

AND OUR Lieutenant.

HAD GIVEN US liberty.

FOR THE rest of the day.

AND WE shaved.

AND SHINED our shoes.

AND PUT on our best uniform.

AND MADE sure.

THAT ALL of the buttons.

WERE buttoned up.

IN SEARCH of adventure.

FOR FIVE whole hours.

AND ANOTHER fellow.

WHO HAILS from Nebraska.

OR SOME other place.

OUT IN the west.

THAT HE calls God's country.

WAS WALKING with me.

THROUGH a beautiful field.

AND WE were admiring.

THE WONDERFUL colors.

THAT BLENDED harmoniously.

AND WERE cursing the Hun.

FOR THE attempt he had made.

TO DESTROY the scene.

AND ABOUT half way.

ACROSS THIS dream field.

THERE CAME an old woman.

WHO WALKED with a cane.

AND GRIEVED us.

WITH "BONJOUR, messieurs."

AND a volley of French.

THAT WAS over our heads.

BUT WE were game.

AND REPLIED, "Out, out!"

WHICH IS all we know.

AND HER clothes were old.

AND A pair of men's shoes.

WERE CLINGING loosely.

TO HER aged feet.

AND "Tut, tut" were tears.

IN HER faded blue eyes.

AND A sad expression.

ON HER kind old face.

AND THE francs and sous.

I HAD in my pocket.

AS DID the Hun.

WHO CAME from the west.

AND A happy light.

CAME INTO her eyes.

AND SHE murmured, "Merci."

AND THE flowers that grew.

IN THE field at our feet.

AND ON the hills.

EACH ECHOED, "Merci!"

AND WE walked along.

AND WE didn't speak.

AND EACH one of us knew.

THAT THE other one.

WAS BREATHING a prayer.

THAT THIS terrible struggle.

WOULD SOON be past.

AND THAT splendid people.

WOULD COME into its own.

AND I am sure.

THE SUPREME commander.

LOOKED DOWN on us.

AND ANSWERED, "Out, out!"

I THANK you.

(From William B. Grady to Helen A. Copley, with apologies to K. C. B.)

LABOR MAN POST TO SPEAK

HERE SEPT. 16 FOR U. S.

Louis F. Post, assistant to secretary of labor William B. Wilson, will speak in El Paso on Cleveland square, or in Liberty hall, September 16, on the subject of the war labor board's policies, according to word received at the United States employment bureau in the city hall Wednesday afternoon.

Bedtime Story For The Little Ones

UNCLE WIGGLY AND HIS BATHING SHOES.

By HOWARD H. GARDIN.

"WIGGLY-OO, Uncle Wiggly! Whoo!"

called a voice outside the

hollow stump bungalow down at the

seashore, where the hungry rabbit

gentleman was spending a little vaca-

tion with Niece Jane Fussy Wig-

gle. "Whoo! Can you come out?"

"Did you hear that, Mr. Longears?"

asked the musty lady, suspicious

like.

"I did," answered the bunny, who

was in his room putting on his bath-

ing suit. "I heard them and I'm go-

ing to be out in just about a half min-

ute. Tell them to wait."

"But supposing the bad old

Khoshickas asked Niece Fussy Wig-

gle, 'I think I know who it is,' spoke

the bunny. "It must be either Sammie

or Susie Littlefoot, wanting me to go

swimming with them, or Johnnie or

Billie Bushytail."

But as it happened, Uncle Wiggly

was wrong. It was Jackie and Peetie

Bow Wow, the two puppy dogs born

"We're going for a dip in the

ocean, Uncle Wiggly," they barked,

when they saw the bunny. "Are you

coming?"

"Why, of course, I'm coming," an-

swered the bunny. "I'll be with you

in just a moment. Where are my bath-

ing shoes, Niece Jane?" he called to

the musty lady.

"Bathing shoes? You don't need

them," she said. "You can swim bet-

ter without them."

"Oh, I'm not going to swim in them,"

laughed the bunny, as he made his

pink nose look just like a cinnamon

hollopup. "I only wear them down to

the beach so the stones and shells

won't hurt my feet. That's all I need

bathing shoes for."

"I'll get them, Uncle Wiggly," said

Niece Jane, and the musty lady

soon found the bunny's bathing shoes

for him. Then, after putting them on,

Mr. Longears went down to the ocean

with Jackie and Peetie Bow Wow.

"I'll leave my shoes on the beach,

where the waves from the tide won't

wash up and get them," said Uncle

Wiggly, "and then I'll go on swim-

ing."

So he did this, and he was having

fine fun in the waves, with the two

puppy dogs, when two bad sea

herring, who were always making

trouble, came out of the ocean, and

hid behind a pile of seaweed, and

said to the other:

"I know how we can catch Uncle

Wiggly."

"How?" asked the second one.

"Put a lot of sticky pine gum on the

soles of the bathing shoes he left on

the beach," said the first bad chap.

"I can't see us from where he is. We

can get the sticky gum from some of

the pine trees that grow near the

beach. With his bathing shoes all

sticky, Uncle Wiggly can't walk

home after the swim, and we can catch

him for the Khoshickas."

"Good! We'll do it!" said the second

bad, though I call it rather

bad, myself."

So, while the bunny was in the

ocean, the bad herring hurried over to

the beach, got some sticky pine gum

on leaves, and then, without Uncle

Wiggly seeing them, they rubbed it

over the soles of his bathing

shoes.

"That'll catch him!" said the first

herring.

"If sure will," said the other.

"Then, having made Uncle Wiggly's

shoes as sticky as they could, the bad

herring hid, and waited to see what

Uncle Wiggly would do. Just before

Uncle Wiggly was ready to come out of

the ocean from having had good fun with

Peetie and Jackie Bow Wow, a fly

skimming through the air, came

right into Uncle Wiggly's shoes, and

there he stuck, for the soles were very

sticky.

"Oh, some one has been putting fly

paper on Uncle Wiggly's bathing

slippers," thought the herring fly.

"Oh, this is a trick to catch him! If

could only tell him to be careful! But,

what can I do?"

"But I am not," said a big horse fly,

who could see through the herring's

trick. "I'll go and tell Uncle Wiggly

to be careful about putting on his

slippers, and he'll be safe."

"Please do," said the little fly.

Away through the air flew the

bunny fly.

"Oh, Uncle Wiggly!" he buzzed in

the bunny's ear. "Your shoes are all

sticky and a little fly is caught in

them. Be careful about wearing

them. I will," said the bunny.

"Thank you! This is a trick to get

me!"

And Uncle Wiggly was. He first

smoked the little fly's feet, that were

fast on the sticky bathing shoes, in

the ocean. Then, as the fly was

fast, then the bunny washed all the

sticky pine gum off in the sea, using

his paws to scrub his shoes, and soon they

were just the same as at first.

And the bad sea herring, hiding be-

hind a pile of seaweed, and hearing

what happened, were as mad as huts.

They didn't get the bunny that time.

But the herring fly doesn't take

ill the air out of the bunny's feet, so

he looks flat like a pancake. I'll tell

you next about Uncle Wiggly and the

Khoshickas. Copyright, 1918, McClure

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Beauty Chats

By EDNA KENT FORBES.

More Letters Answered.

THERE are so many letters to be answered in the column, that some will have to wait a couple of weeks before the letter appears. If you want an answer sooner, write me enclosing a self-addressed, stamped envelope for a reply.

Anne H.—You are only a few pounds overweight, nothing to worry about at your age. A thirty-six bust is not really too large for a mature woman of your height, you are simply a little over developed for your age. Forget about it, and when you are more mature, your proportions will be all right. As you are so developed you might find it more becoming to do up your hair, however. Try it with a knot quite high in the back. Olive oil will not make the lips thinner, as some think, but your best plan is to watch your diet, eat less sweet food, eat hard to digest things, eat plenty of fruit and drink lots of water.

Miss M.—For the heavy eyebrows, try this—spray them at night with very warm water, a flesh brush and a mild soap. W